

All at once or a page at a time,

Straight to the top and down to the bottom I sign;

A poem meant something in rhythm and rhyme,

You can get away with that it is in my mind mine.

See what I mean with a scepter and thrown,

The sword on the shelf and a sort of a crown;

The land that I own is a place I call home,

The castle and palace won't let you keep house.

A poem meant something to me as I write,

That the light would shine and I sight the right;

The time that it takes would double and earn,

And the money for bed you would doubt and learn.

I can teach with words in the very of my poem,

My heart is smart and the work all done at home;

I roam the streets and look for a place to rest,

So that I can get some sleep and beat all the best.

The line goes down in a orderly fashion,

From tip to toe and the heart of passion;

The mind is willing and raring to go,

To somewhere else and I hope that I know.

I'm daring and caring and willing and able,

My foods in my stomach from the plate and the table;

My brains into gear and the sheep and the stable,

For the shirts on my back off again to see the label.

Signed,

In a rhyme